THE

POLYANTHOS.

FEBRUARY, 1806.

MEMOIRS
OF
COMMODORE PREBLE.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

OUR publick benefactors, who, at the risk of their lives and dearest enjoyments, have rendered essential services to the nation, are well entitled to the publick gratitude. Their names and their good conduct ought to be had in everlasting remembrance. Under these impressive sentiments, we here present our readers with a sketch of the life of Commodore Preble, accompanied with his portrait.

COMMODORE EDWARD PREBLE was born in August, in the year 1761, in that part of Falmouth, on Casco Bay, which is now Portland, in the state of Massachusetts, and district of Maine. His father was the Hon. Jedidiah Preble, Esq. who was a Brigadier

General under the government of the Massachusetts Bay, and after the revolution a senator under the present government.

Our young hero, almost from his infancy, discovered a noble and invincible courage, and admirable resolution and perseverance in all his pursuits. Blest with an athletick constitution, and having no great inclination to sedentary amusement; his hours of leisure from his academical and other early studies were mostly devoted to hunting, and other exercises of the greatest activity.

In his youth he became a mariner in the mercantile service, which he successfully followed, during some years after the commencement of the revolutionary war. In this war he was once made a prisoner. After his liberation from captivity, his enterprize and vigour were displayed in armed vessels of the state of Massachusetts, with honour and success.

About the year 1779, he entered as a midshipman on board the ship Protector, commanded by Capt. John Forster Williams; with whom he served one or two years, till he was promoted to a lieutenancy on board the sloop of war Winthrop, commanded by Capt. George Little. In this station he performed a very brilliant and heroick action, boarding and capturing, with a few men, a vessel of more than equal force, lying in the harbour of Penobscot; under a furious cannonade from the battery and an incessant firing from the troops. Af-

ter this he continued with Capt. Little, till the peace of 1783.

In the year 1801, he had the command of the United States frigate Essex, in which he performed a voyage to the East-Indies, for the protection of our trade in those seas; and having driven off the cruisers, returned in the following year with a convoy from Batavia under his care, consisting of fifteen ships and other vessels, estimated at the value of four millions of dollars.

In the year 1803, Capt. Preble was honoured with the appointment of Commodore, and with the command of the United States frigate Constitution, with a squadron consisting of seven sail of vessels in all; and before the end of the year made his passage to the Mediterranean Sea.

In the following year, 1804, though he was destined to act in the Mediterranean with his fleet, and particularly designed to subdue or humble the Tripolitan barbarians; yet, on his arrival at Gibraltar, he found that the emperor of Morocco had made war upon the vessels of the United States. This prevented for a time the fleet's progress up the Mediterranean, till the Commodore had taken measures to obtain a peace with that power, on terms honourable to his country, which was happily effected. But after the unfortunate loss of the frigate Philadelphia, he found that his remaining force was by no means equal to the attack of the strong holds of Tripoli, with any rational prospect

of success. Rather than fail, however, in his design, he obtained a number of gun-boats of the King of Naples, by which he was the better able to oppose the gun-boats of the enemy. After the burning of the Philadelphia, through the valour of the brave Lieutenant Decatur, under the mouths of the enemy's cannon, he made his first general attack; and all the attacks which he made on the city and fortifications were so little distant in time from each other, and so judiciously conducted, with consummate bravery and alertness; that though the obstinate Bashaw was not induced to surrender, or flee, yet he was induced to make great abatements, from time to time, in his demands for the emancipation of the prisoners whom he then held in durance.

It is thought that one vessel more added to the small fleet would have enabled the Commodore to complete the ruin or capture of the place. Much indeed was done towards compelling the enemy to set at liberty Capt. Bainbridge, with his officers and men; and towards obtaining a peace on moderate and honourable terms, which has since taken place. The conduct of our prudent and intrepid commander was such, as to do much honour to himself and the flag of the United States, in the view of Europe as well as of America. His conduct has extorted praise from the Bashaw of Tripoli himself: And what affords a peculiar and unexpected honour to this American warriour, though a

heretick, is the declaration of his Holiness of Rome,—*That he has done more towards humbling the antichristian barbarians on that coast, than all the christian states of Europe had ever done.*

Portland, 1806.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF *MAJ. GEN. ISRAEL PUTNAM.*

[*Continued from page* 121.]

As one day Major Putnam chanced to be with a few men in a batteau on the eastern shore of the Hudson, very near the rapids; his men informed him, that a large number of savages were close in his rear, and would be upon him in an instant—He had to remain and be sacrificed—to attempt crossing the river and be shot—or to go down to the falls, with an almost certainty of being drowned, were the only alternatives left to his choice. The Indians arrived time enough to fire a number of balls on the batteau before it could be got under way. No sooner had the batteau-men escaped by favour of the rapidity of the current beyond the reach of musket-shot, than death seemed only to have been escaped in one form to encounter it in another, no less terrible. Prominent rocks, latent shelves, and abrupt descents, for near a quarter of a mile, afforded scarcely the smallest chance of escaping without a miracle. Put-

nam trusting himself to a kind Providence, whose kindness he had often experienced, rather than to men, whose tender mercy is cruelty; was now seen to place himself sedately at the helm, and afford an astonishing spectacle of serenity: His companions, with a mixture of terrour, admiration, and wonder, saw him, incessantly changing his course, to avoid the jaws of ruin that seemed to expand to swallow the whirling boat—Twice he turned it quite round to shun the rifts of rocks. Amidst those eddies in which there was the greatest danger of its foundering, at one moment the sides were exposed to the fury of the waves; then the stern and next the bow glanced obliquely onward, with inconceivable velocity. With no less amazement, the gazing savages beheld him sometimes mounting the billows, then plunging abruptly down, at other times dexterously veering from the rocks, and shooting through the only narrow passage; until, at last they viewed the boat safely gliding on the smooth surface of the stream below! At this extraordinary sight, it is said, that these rude sons of nature were affected with the same kind of superstitious veneration, which the Europeans in the dark ages entertained for some of their most valiant champions. They conceived it would be a sin against the *Great Spirit*, to attempt to kill this favoured mortal, with powder and ball, if they should ever see and know him at a future period.

Major Putnam, after a most gallant defence, was taken prisoner by the Indians. The savage who claimed him as his prisoner, disarmed and bound him to a tree, and then returned to the battle. Notwithstanding the capture of this brave officer, the engagement was continued under the command of other resolute men, but the enemy's number being so superiour, that our people were forced to retreat for a little distance; and the savages conceiving this to be the certain forerunner of victory, rushed on with dreadful cries. But our brave commanders, having collected together a few men, gave their pursuers so warm a reception, as obliged them, in their turn, to retreat some distance beyond the spot where the action had originally commenced. Here they halted; and this change of ground brought the tree, to which our gallant Putnam was bound, in the centre of the two fires. It is impossible, almost, to imagine a more desperate situation. The balls flew in every direction, from both sides, many of which struck the tree, and some passed through the sleeves and skirts of his coat. In this situation, he was obliged to remain for more than an hour, without being able to move any part of his body. The French and Savages, seeing Putnam thus tied, exercised their ill-timed humour, some by throwing tomahawks at his head, or rather to see how near they could come to the mark without hitting it, and others punching him with muskets and sticks on almost every part of

his body. A French officer in particular, perceiving Putnam, levelled a fuzee within a few feet of his breast, but fortunately, it missed fire. Ineffectually did the intended victim solicit the treatment due to his situation, as a prisoner of war. This degenerate Frenchman did not understand the language of honour, or of nature; deaf to their voice, and dead to sensibility, he violently pushed the muzzle of his gun against Putnam's ribs, and finally gave him a dreadful blow on the jaw, with the butt of his piece, and then left him. The Indians were defeated, with the loss of about ninety men, and in their retreat, did not fail to take their illustrious prisoner with them. After proceeding some distance on their march, our hero was stripped to his shirt, his wrists were tied as close together as they could be pulled with a cord, and he was loaded with as many packs of the wounded as could be piled on him. He was obliged to travel in this situation till his wrists were swollen, and inflamed by the pressure of the ropes, and his feet and legs terribly scratched and torn by briers and thorns: And would probably have proceeded in that way to the end of their journey, had not the interposition of a French officer procured his release, and lightened his load. It appears that the Indian who captured him, had been absent on business, but now coming up, presented him with a pair of mocasons, and expressed great indignation at the unworthy treatment his prisoner had suffered. That

savage chief again left the main body, and about two hundred of them, went before the rest of the party, to the place where the whole were to encamp that night. They took Major Putnam with them, on whom, besides innumerable other outrages, they had the barbarity to inflict a deep wound with a tomahawk in the left cheek. In this place his sufferings were to be consummated. A scene of horrour, infinitely greater than had ever met his eyes before, was now preparing. It was determined to roast him alive; and for this purpose, they led him into a dark forest, stripped him naked, bound him to a tree, and piled dry brush, with other fuel, at a small distance in a circle round him. During this preparation, they produced screams and sounds, inimitable but by savage voices. Their object being thus prepared, fire was put to the piles, but, as if the Divine Power interposed, to save this gallant man, a sudden shower of rain, damped the kindling flame. Still they exerted themselves to make it burn, and finally succeeded; the fierce element ran with amazing swiftness round the circle, and Major Putnam soon began to feel the scorching heat. His hands were so fastened that he could move his body, and he frequently shifted sides as the fire approached. This shocking sight afforded unspeakable delight to his inhuman tormentors, who expressed their joy by correspondent yells, dances, and gesticulations. Now it was that he thought that his final hour had come.

He settled his mind, as far as circumstances would admit, to bid an eternal adieu to all he held dear. To have simply quit the world, would scarcely have cost him a single pang. It was his home, his partner, and his promising offspring, that made the world dear to him. His thoughts were, however, fixed on a happier state of existence, far beyond the tortures he was beginning to endure. The bitterness of death, even of that death which is accompanied with the keenest agonies, was, in a manner past—nature, with a feeble struggle, was quitting its last hold on earthly things. At this juncture, a French officer rushed through the crowd, dispersed the burning brands, and unbound the almost lifeless victim. His name was Molaug, to whom a savage, more humane than the rest, unwilling to behold another human sacrifice immolated, had hastened to communicate the tidings. That brave commander, severely reprimanded those hellish barbarians, and instantly put a stop to their nocturnal pow-waas and infernal orgies. Putnam was not destitute of feeling or gratitude. This Frenchman, fearing to trust him alone with them again, determined to protect him in person, till he could with safety, deliver him into the hands of his master.

Some little time after his master arrived, and approached him with seeming affection and kindness. He offered him some hard biscuit, but finding he could not chew them on account of the wound he had received in

his cheek, this *kind* savage, soaked them in water, and Putnam was enabled to make a slight repast.

After having finished their toilsome journey, Major Putnam was examined by the Marquis de Montcalm, and conducted by a French officer to Montreal, where he was treated with great kindness and humanity, at which place he remained till he was exchanged.

Shortly after his release from captivity, he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel; and in 1764, he was promoted to a Colonelcy and the command of a regiment.

Colonel Putnam, at the expiration of ten years from his first receiving a commission, after having seen as much service, endured as much hardship, encountered as much danger, and acquired as many laurels as any officer of his rank, with great satisfaction laid aside his uniform and returned to his plough. The various and uncommon scenes of war in which he had acted a respectable part, his intercourse with the world, and intimacy with some of the first characters in the army, joined with occasional reading, had not only brought into view whatever talents he possessed from nature, but at the same time, had extended his knowledge and polished his manners to a considerable degree.

He was frequently elected a member of the General Assembly of Connecticut.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Polyanthos.

ON SWEARING.

Swear not at all.

This precept is couched in general terms, and comprises profane language and formal oaths. That it has particular reference to oaths on ordinary occasions, not in legal proceedings, is evident from other passages of holy writ, which allow of oaths in confirmation of the truth, when called for by lawful authority.

The evils attending the frequent use of oaths on ordinary occasions deserve particular attention. It is for the interest of mankind that there should be some high and awful test of truth, which men will not dare to violate. An oath has been fixed upon as this test by mankind in general. This, when administered in due form by lawful authority, is considered as the highest test of truth in all the most interesting concerns of life. To excite and retain in the minds of men a sense of the solemnity and obligation of an oath, it is necessary that they should be used only on important occasions, and when required by lawful authority. The frequent use of them on trivial subjects lessens the fear which they ought to excite, and weakens the obligations which they impose. It therefore removes the grand barrier of truth, and opens the flood-gates of falsehood and iniquity.

Another evil of frequently using oaths is, that it brings into contempt the name and authority of HIM, who should ever be thought and spoken of with reverence and fear. A thoughtless, inconsiderate, and irreverent use of the name and attributes of God, is a sin of no small magnitude. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

By this practice the bonds of society are weakened, vice and impiety rendered habitual, and the divine displeasure incurred. Perhaps no vice contaminates the mind so quickly as profane language. As it destroys the foundation of all morality—the fear of God—it is natural to expect that it will lay open the mind to every iniquity.

As the safety and happiness of society greatly depend on men's cherishing a deep sense of the solemnity and obligation of an oath, would it not serve to impress the mind more deeply, if in our courts of justice more attention were paid to the manner of administering it? I have often thought, that there was a manifest impropriety in the clerk's giving an oath to a witness, while perhaps they were the only persons in the house attending to the solemn transaction. If silence were commanded and attention requested, and if the court were to rise, while an oath is administering, would it not deeply impress the mind with the solemnity and obligation of the act, and prevent many

perjuries ? I submit these hints to the consideration of the wise.

As many evils attend, and no possible good can be acquired by the practice of profane swearing and formal oaths, let us guard against this prevalent vice.

Josephus relates of the Essens, a sect of the Jews, that " whatsoever they say is firmer than an oath ; but swearing is avoided by them, and they esteem it worse than perjury ; for they say, that *he who cannot be believed without swearing by God, is condemned already.*" A.

Chelmsford, 1806.

For the Polyanthos.

CONTEMPLATOR....No. 2.

We proceed with pleasure to the further delineation of the beauties of *The Sabbath.* After describing the Sabbath service of the Episcopal church, the author proceeds to the worship of God in the solitude of the woods :

It is not only in the sacred fane
That homage should be paid to the Most High ;
There is a temple, one not made with hands,
The vaulted firmament : Far in the woods,
Almost beyond the sound of city-chime,
At intervals heard through the breezeless air :
When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,
Save where the linnet lights upon the spray ;

Where not a floweret bends it little stalk,
Save when the bee alights upon the bloom ;—
There, rapt in gratitude, in joy and love,
The man of God will pass the Sabbath-noon ;
Silence his praise : his disembodied thoughts,
Loos'd from the load of words, will high ascend
Beyond the empyreal.———
Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
The Sabbath-service of the shepherd-boy.
In some lone glen, where every sound is lull'd
To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
Stretch'd on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son ;
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps : the volume clos'd,
With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson, conn'd
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,
Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth
Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.
Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,
Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands
Returning homeward from the house of prayer.

The poet then takes occasion to contrast the present

———————— blissful days,
When all men worship God as conscience wills,

with the times immediately preceding the revolution. He describes in glowing colours the fate of the unhappy peasantry

of Scotland, who suffered persecution and martyrdom under the tyrannous and sanguinary laws, that were passed about the year 1661 ; when the whole inhabitants of the Lowlands might be said to have been under sentence of death.

——————————— their deeds,
Their constancy in torture and in death,
These on tradition's tongue still live ; these shall
On history's honest page be pictur'd bright
To latest times. Perhaps some bard, whose muse
Disdains the servile strain of Fashion's quire,
May celebrate their unambitious names.
With them each day was holy ; every hour
They stood prepar'd to die, a people doom'd
To death. ———

The funeral according to the rites of the church of England and a female character are thus pathetically described :

But wood and wild, the mountain and the dale,
The house of prayer itself,—no place inspires
Emotions more accordant with the day,
Than does the field of graves, the land of rest:
Oft at the close of evening prayer, the toll,
The solemn funeral toll, pausing, proclaims
The service of the tomb; the homeward crowds
Divide on either hand: the pomp draws near;
The choir to meet the dead go forth, and sing
I am the resurrection and the life.
Ah me ! these youthful bearers robed in white,
They tell a mournful tale ; some blooming friend
Is gone, dead in her prime of years :—'twas she,

The poor man's friend, who, when she could not give,
With angel tongue pleaded to those who could,
With angel tongue and mild beseeching eye,
That ne'er besought in vain, save when she pray'd
For longer life, with heart resign'd to die,—
Rejoiced to die; for happy visions blest
Her voyage's last days, and, hovering round,
Alighted on her soul, giving presage
That heaven was nigh:—O what a burst
Of rapture from her lips! what tears of joy
Her heavenward eyes suffused! Those eyes are closed:
Yet all her lovelines is not yet flown:
She smiled in death, and still her cold pale face
Retains that smile, as when a waveless lake,
In which the wintry stars all bright appear,
Is sheeted by a nightly frost with ice,
Still it reflects the face of heaven unchanged,
Unruffled by the breeze or sweeping blast.
Again that knell! The slow procession stops:
The pall withdrawn, Death's altar, thick-embossed
With melancholy ornaments,—(the name,
The record of her blossoming age),—appears
Unveiled, and on it dust to dust is thrown,
The final rite.

We close the present number with the description of the effect produced by divine service on the *guiltless* prisoners under condemnation:

——— See, a smile illumes
The face of some; perhaps they're guiltless:
And must high-minded honesty endure
The ignominy of a felon's fate?
No, 'tis not ignominious to be wronged;

No ;---conscious exultation swells their hearts,
To think the day draws nigh, when in the view
Of angels, and of just men perfect made,
The mark which rashness branded on their names
Shall be effaced ;---when, wafted on life's storm,
Their souls shall reach the Sabbath of the skies ;---
As birds, from bleak Norwegia's wintry coast,
Blown out to sea, strive to regain the shore,
But, vainly striving, yield them to the blast,
Swept o'er the deep to Albion's genial isle,
Amazed they light amid the bloomy sprays
Of some green vale, there to enjoy new loves,
And join in harmony unheard before.

J.

Newbury-street.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

From D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.

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SINGULARITIES OBSERVED BY VARIOUS NATIONS IN THEIR REPASTS.

I HAVE collected from a very curious book entitled—'*L'Esprit des Usages et des Coutumes*,' the greater part of the present article.

The Maldivian Islanders eat alone. They retire into the most hidden parts of their houses ; and they draw down the cloths that serve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unobserved. This custom probably arises—remarks our philosophick author—from the savage, in the early periods of society, concealing himself to eat : he

fears that another, with as sharp an appetite, but more strong than himself, should come and ravish his meal from him. Besides the ideas of Witchcraft are widely spread among barbarians; and they are not a little fearful that some incantation may be thrown amongst their victuals.

In noticing the solitary meal of the Maldivian Islander, another reason may be alledged for this misanthropical repast. They never will eat with any one who is inferiour to them in birth, in riches, or dignity; and, as it is a difficult matter to settle this equality, they are condemned to lead this unsociable life.

On the contrary, the Islanders of the Philippines are remarkably sociable. Whenever one of them finds himself without a companion to partake of his meal, he runs till he meets with one; and, we are assured, that however keen his appetite may be, he ventures not to satisfy it without a guest.

The tables of the rich Chinese shine with a beautiful varnish, and are covered with silk carpets very elegantly worked. They do not make use of plates, knives, or forks: every guest has two little ivory or ebony sticks, which he handles very adroitly.

The Otaheitans, who are lovers of society, and very gentle in their manners, feed separate from each other. At the hour of repast, the members of each family divide; two brothers, two sisters, and even husband and wife, father and mother, have each their

respective basket. They place themselves at the distance of two or three yards from each other; they turn their backs, and take their meal in profound silence.

The custom of drinking, at different hours from those assigned for eating, is to be met with amongst many savage nations. It was originally begun from necessity. It became an habit, which subsisted even when the fountain was near to them. 'A people transplanted,' observes our ingenious philosopher, 'preserve in another climate, modes of living which relate to those from whence they originally came. It is thus the Indians of Brazil scrupulously abstain from eating when they drink, and from drinking when they eat.'

When neither decency or politeness are known, the man who invites his friends to a repast, is greatly embarrassed to testify his esteem for his guests, and to present them with some amusement; for the savage guest imposes on him this obligation. Amongst the greater part of the American Indians, the host is continually on the watch to solicit them to eat, but touches nothing himself. In New France, he wearies himself with singing, to divert the company while they eat.

When civilization advances, we wish to show our confidence to our friends: we treat them as relations; and it is said that, in China, the master of the house, to give a mark of his politeness, absents himself while

his guests regale themselves at his table with undisturbed revelry.

The demonstrations of friendship, in a rude state, have a savage and gross character, which it is not a little curious to observe. The Tartars pull a man by the ear, to press him to drink ; and they continue tormenting him till he opens his mouth. It is then they clap their hands and dance before him.

No customs seem more ridiculous than those practised by the Kamtschadale, when he wishes to make another his friend. He first invites him to eat. The host and his guest strip themselves in a cabin, which is heated to an uncommon degree. While the guest devours the food with which they serve him, the other continually stirs the fire. The stranger must bear the excess of the heat as well as of the repast. He vomits ten times before he will yield ; but, at length, obliged to acknowledge himself overcome, he begins to compound matters. He purchases a moment's respite by a present of cloaths or dogs; for his host threatens to heat the cabin, and to oblige him to eat till he dies. The stranger has the right of retaliation allowed to him : he treats in the same manner, and exacts the same presents. Should his host not accept the invitation of his guest, whom he has so handsomely regaled, he would come and inhabit his cabin till he had obtained from him the presents he had in so singular a manner given to him.

For this extravagant custom a curious reason has been alledged. It is meant to put the person to a trial whose friendship is sought. The Kamtschadale, who is at the expense of the fires and the repast, is desirous to know if the stranger has the strength to support pain with him, and if he is generous enough to share with him some part of his property. While the guest is employed on his meal, he continually heats the cabin to an insupportable degree; and, for a last proof of the stranger's constancy and attachment, he exacts more cloaths and more dogs. The host passes through the same ceremonies in the cabin of the stranger; and he shows, in his turn, with what degree of fortitude he can defend his friend. It is thus the most singular customs would appear simple, if it were possible for the philosopher to contemplate them on the spot.

As a distinguishing mark of their esteem, the Negroes of Ardra drink out of one cup at the same time. The king of Loango eats in one house, and drinks in another. A Kamtschadale kneels before his guest; he cuts an enormous slice from a sea calf; he crams it entire into the mouth of his friend, furiously crying out—'*Tana!*'—There! and, cutting away what hangs about his lips, snatches and swallows it with avidity.

A barbarous magnificence attended the feasts of the ancient monarchs of France. We are informed that after their coronation or consecration, when they sat at table, the nobility served them on horseback.

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

.....

THE FATHER OUTWITTED.

A SPANISH INTERLUDE—BY LOPE DE VEGA.

.....

Enter Guadarrama *from his house, with his sword drawn, and dragging out* Lorenzo.

Guad. COME along, rascal! Tell me the truth, infamous villain!

Lor. Famous! Famous yourself, Sir. Take care what you say. Don't call me famous!

Guad. Tell me directly scoundrel, whom you took that letter to from my daughter?

Lor. Took it to! Why I took it to—— Now listen—I took it to——You have a confounded deal of curiosity.

Guad. Have you a mind to be strangled, dog? *(collars him.)*

Lor. No, truly—Take care what you do —Hold a little——My young mistress gave me the letter—mind—she gave it to me—and I took it.

Guad. Who the devil doubts that! But where?

Lor. She said to me, says she, Lorenzo, says she, there—there's a rial for thee; and do thou take that letter thou knowest where.

Guad. Oh, ho! What, she paid you beforehand then: and you, like a good-for-nothing knave, are plotting with my daughter to dishonour me.

Lor. Do you think so? Lord, Sir, we can't dishonour you.

Guad. How so?

Lor. Because, Sir, you have no honour.

Guad. You impudent dog! Have you a mind to have my sword up your back-bone?

Lor. Who, me! mercy forbid! Oh lord, Sir! I'll tell you all, if you will but hide that horrible spit!

Guad. Indeed but I will not.—Come, Sir; come to the point!

Lor. Well, well, Sir! Well—Pray, Sir—do you know—your brother——

Guad. There's a pretty question!—To be sure I do, booby.

Lor. Oh, well—But the—letter was not for him.—Pray, Sir—do you know——

Guad. Do I know the devil! I want to know nobody but my daughter's gallant.

Lor. Tch, tch—Lord, Sir—why didn't you say so at first. I should then have told you very frankly that I know—I know—that is to say—I know nothing of him.

Guad. You don't, hound! Stop, stop a little—I'll warrant me I have a secret will make you find the use of your tongue.

(beats him.)

Lor. Oh, lord!—Oh, lord! Oh, lord!—Murder!—Fire!—Help, help!—Oh, my wicked master! He has killed me—he has knocked out my brains! Oh, oh!

Enter a Merchant.

Merch. Hey-day!—What is the matter here, Signior Guadarrama? What's all this

noise in the street about? This is behaviour that people would little expect from you, Sir!

Guad. Why, what would you have me do, neighbour!—I have a thief in my house, a scoundrel to whom I give my bread, and—

Lor. There, Sir;—you hear—you hear his accusation—Wonderful! He gives me bread and I eat it!

Guad. Yes! traitor! But I don't give it you to carry love-letters between my daughter and her gallant.

Lor. Oh, fie, Sir! What are you going to tell the gentleman?

Gaud. Why, sirrah, is it not truth?

Lor. Sir! Sir! If there be a wicked man in the whole world, it is my master—There has he kept me tied up like a dog to a manger all last night, because I would not carry a billet-doux from him to a certain very honest virtuous woman, who is one of his best friends too: and now he has the impudence, I mean imprudence, to say it was a love-letter from his daughter.—*(aside to the Merchant)* The old lying libertine!

Merch. Why, truly, if that be the fact, I think the lad is in the right. Is it proper for a person of your years to employ youth upon such errands?

Guad. So! so! so!—Here's another!—And so you give more credit to the impertinences of that booby, than to me! Me, whom you have known so many years, and have seen discharging the duties of so many honourable employments?

Lor. (to the Merchant) Oh, yes! honourable employments!—To be sure he was four years hangman at Saragossa!

Guad. See, see!—Is it possible for human impudence to surpass this!—Let me get at him—let me get at him—I'll murder him!

Merch. Moderate your anger, Signior Guadarrama—I believe you; and would advise you to turn this whimsical fellow away; for, by what I can perceive of you both, it is not likely you should agree together.

Guad. With all my heart; the sooner the better! And I hope I shall never see his face again, for I have not had a moment's quiet since he has been with me.

Lor. Oh! I'll go as soon as he pleases; but, pray, desire him to pay me what I owe him first.

Guad. Why, booby! jack-ass! num-scull! If you owe me, how can I have any thing to pay you? Get along about your business, hound! and never enter my house again.

Lor. Why, what should I do in your house? (*mutters*) An old drunken hobgoblin! Would you have me starved, till I am as dry, as shrivelled, and as ugly as yourself?

Guad. This is too much! I'll teach you, Sir—— [*Exit Lorenzo*

Merch. He is fled.—Never mind him; he is beneath your notice: all that he wants is to put you in a passion.

Guad. Heaven be praised for my deliverance!—I assure you, Sir, he is one of the

wickedest dogs in the universe. There never was such another lazy, awkward, insolent, cheating, gormandizing, stupid beast; with every vice, and without one good quality!—But let us talk of something else. My daughter gives me a great deal of uneasiness: she has fallen in love with somebody; who he is I don't know; and I have discovered that she writes to him. Her extreme youth may occasion her to commit some folly that would be the death of me. You are a wise man; what would you advise me to do?

Merch. Humph!—If I were in your place, I would always carry the key of my house in my pocket: then nobody could see my daughter, unless I were present; and if she went out, I would always go along with her.

Guad. Very true—very true!—Thank you, my good friend. I will take your advice: we shall see, then, who will overreach me. Let me beg of you to do me another favour. Do you yourself read my daughter a lecture upon her imprudence: she does not want delicacy; and I don't doubt but she will blush at her fault when she finds that the whole neighbourhood knows it.

Merch. If you think that it will be of any use, I'll do it with all my heart. I must come, however, by and by; for at present I have some business to transact that I must not neglect. Permit me therefore to take my leave.

Guad. My very good friend, I wish you a

good day. *(Exit Merchant)*—Oh! what an intolerable burden is it for a man who is a widower to have an unmarried handsome daughter upon his hands! Your house is haunted by every idle young fellow in the parish. But I shall be a match for them: they may stand and kick their heels in the street till they cough themselves into consumptions, if they please, before they shall find an opportunity of whispering the least word to Isabella! No, no; I defy them!

Enter Leander; *with him* Lorenzo, *dressed like a Woman, and covered with a large Veil: they speak together at the Top of the Stage.*

Lean. Yonder is your master, Lorenzo! Hide your face well! and, when you are in the house, remember to tell my dear Isabella every word I have repeated to you.

Lor. Yes; and so I suppose her father will either break my neck, or kill me by starving me.

Lean. Never fear; we shall soon come to your assistance: only take care to play your part well. Signior Guadarrama, I hope I have the happiness to see you in good health.

Guad. Ah, Signior, Leander! Good-morrow! good-morrow! What has brought you to this part of the town so soon in the morning?

Lean. Something which I believe will claim your attention as much as mine. I know you to be a worthy good-natured man, and I dare say you will not refuse me the favour

I am going to ask of you. This lady happened just now to be conversing in the street with one of her relations: her husband, who unfortunately did not know the gentleman was related to him, imagined him to be his wife's gallant, and on that supposition fell into a terrible passion; ay, and if it had not been for me, would certainly have killed her. Let me beg of you, then, Sir, to receive her into your house for a short time, till several well disposed people, and the relation himself, can convince her husband of the unjustness of his suspicions.

Guad. Indeed, Signior Leander, I don't know what to say to this. I should be glad to oblige you by protecting the lady; but I should be sorry to have it reported that my house is become the asylum of imprudent people.

Lean. Oh, Sir, you may assure yourself I would not interest myself in the behalf of such people; much less entreat you to receive them into a house so respectable as yours. This lady is a miracle of virtue and prudence. Her husband, in the first transport of passion, has used her ill; but, when he shall know the truth, he will acknowledge himself infinitely obliged to you; and you will obtain the character, through the whole city, of the Protector of the Unfortunate.

Guad. Well, Sir, if that be the case, pray leave the lady; and, I assure you, I shall be happy to do her every service in my power.

Lean. I don't doubt it, Sir. I expected

nothing less from your known benevolence.

Lor. (aside to Leander.*)* Sir! Sir! Either make haste and finish your dialogue, or let me have a share in it; for I am devilishly tired of holding my tongue. Pray, Sir, have you a mind that I should discover my charms, and——

Lean. Stop your noise, you confounded booby!

Lor. Have a care; don't tell him my name: if you once mention Lorenzo, we are undone; and I know you lovers are so absent, and so imprudent——

Lean. The devil take your tongue! Don't tell him yourself, and I'll warrant I sha'n't. —*(aloud)* I commit you, dear Madam, to the protection of this worthy gentleman; and so I hope I shall soon return with good success. [*Exit* Leander.

Guad. Permit me, Madam, the honour of your hand, to conduct you into my house; where I hope you will consider yourself the mistress, and dispose of it as you please.

Lor. (counterfeiting a woman's voice) Me, Sir! Oh, no, Sir! Not for the world, Sir! Only give me plenty of victuals and drink; for, to be sure, I must confess I do find I have a most dangerous gnawing at my stomach!

Guad. (aside) This is a strange beginning for a fine lady!——I hope, Madam, we shall find means to satisfy your hunger.

Lor. I am not unreasonable; only give me for breakfast a dozen of well fed pigeons,

an omelet, a large loaf, and four bottles of your best wine, and I shall be satisfied.

Guad. Four bottles of wine!

Lor. Four bottles—I would not touch a drop more: I am delicate in my drinking, and have a mortal aversion to drunkenness.

Guad. Well, well; walk in, if you please. —Four bottles of wine! [Guadarrama *bows to* Lorenzo, *and presents his hand, which* Lorenzo *returns with a kick*]—What is the meaning of all this, Madam! Have I been guilty of any rudeness to you that you should kick me?

Lor. Impertinent fellow! What did you mean by squeezing my hand! I would have you to know, Sir, I am a person of extreme delicacy; and, plague take me, if you squeeze my hand again, but I'll——

Guad, Nay, pray, Madam, let me beg of you not to put yourself in a passion. (Guadarrama *knocks at the door*)—Isabella! Isabella! Come here, child. I want to speak with you.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What did you want, Sir?

Guad. Take great care of this lady. Keep her company; and see that she wants for nothing: she is a person of distinction.

Isab. I shall be sure to obey you, Sir.

[*Exeunt* Isabella *and* Lorenzo.

Guad. Oh! love, love!—How mighty is thy power!—I did but touch the hand of that lady, and I feel myself transported! My imagination tells me she is as beautiful as an angel! Her brilliant eyes—her rosy

cheeks—her——Hey-day! I am turning foolish.—Well, and after this, now, should I be surprised that my daughter, in the spring-time of life, should indulge the tender passions; when I, though the snow of winter lies upon my head, cannot resist their influence!

Enter Leander.

Lean. I am come, Signior Guadarrama, to return you thanks for your kindness, and to re-conduct the lady to her husband; who is now satisfied of her innocence, and no longer angry.

Guad. She is a charming creature! I am in love with her myself, even in this short space.—Isabella! *(he knocks at the door.)*

Isab. (within) Sir!

Guad. Desire the lady to walk down, and be happy. Her husband is reconciled.

Isab. She is coming in a moment, Sir.

Enter Isabella, *disguised in the long Mantle and Veil of* Lorenzo.

Guad. There, Sir, conduct the lady home: and I flatter myself she will have no cause to complain of the treatment she received at my house.

Isab. (aside to Leander) For Heaven's sake, make haste! I am terrified to death.

Lean. Farewell, Sir. And believe me, I am exceedingly obliged to you.

[*Exeunt* Isabella *and* Leander.

Guad. Now will I go in and give my daughter some good advice. I will convince

her, by this lady's example, how circumspect women ought to be in their most trifling actions.—Though, on consideration, the morning is fine, and there is nobody walking this way. I had better call her down; and so we may both enjoy the fresh air, and the beauty of the day.—Isabella!

Lor. (*at the window in his own dress*) My dear darling of a papa, what do you want?

Guad. Oh, Heaven! what do I see?

Lor. Oh, papa! Your hard-heartedness, and eternal harangues, have made this great ugly beard grow, at which you seem so much astonished. And if you continue your maundering, I shall shortly have the whiskers of a Turkish janizary.

Gaud. By what enchantment, wretch! did you get into my house?

Lor. Enchantment! There is no enchantment in the case. You put me here yourself.

Guad. Where is my daughter?

Lor. With her husband; who received her at your own hands.

Guad. Miserable old man!—Rascal! I'll have you hanged.

Enter Leander *and* Isabella, *with Musicians and Dancers.*

FIRST MUSICIAN.

Happy father, sleep in peace;
Love thy daughter's fate secures:
Hymen and Love thy cares decrease,
The cares suspicion still endures.
Happy father, sleep in peace,
Thy joys will have a large increase!

SECOND MUSICIAN.

Happy father, sleep in peace;
Love and Hymen now combine
To give our joys a large increase,
And cherish life's decline:
The little prattlers soon thou'lt see,
Sweet pictures of thy former days,
Come clinging round thy aged knee,
To chant their infant lays.
Happy father, sleep in peace,
Thy joys will have a large increase!

Guad. What, gentlemen, do you come to deride me because my daughter has been stolen away from me?

Isab. Let me beg of you, gentlemen, to have done.——No, my dear father! they do not mean to deride you. Behold me at your feet; excuse, forgive my fault. Never will I rise from the ground till I am restored to that tenderness of which you have hitherto given me so many proofs.

Lean. I knew, Sir, it was not your intention to marry your daughter; I therefore durst not demand her of you. We loved each other; we have been married these eight days: the thing now is past remedy. You are acquainted with my birth and fortune; let not your forgiveness be wanting to make our happiness complete. I will exert every duty and attention to efface from your memory the errour that love has caused me to commit.

Guad. Come to my arms, my dear children! I cannot be angry with you. I ap-

prove your union.—Come, let us be merry; let us think of nothing but joy!

A DANCE.

(Lorenzo *sings at the Window.*)

In vain old men may snarl and watch,
And barricade the house;
For love as sure the girls will catch,
As cat will catch a mouse.

[*Remark*...The foregoing interlude, though short, has all the characteristicks of the old Spanish drama: it abounds in incidents, and indeed appears to have been the original of one incident,—Isabella getting free—which has since been repeated by Moliere, in *L'Ecole des Maris*; by Wycherly, his translator, in the Country Wife; and lately by Sheridan, in the Duenna...*Holcroft*.]

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION.

SPENSER, JONSON AND SHAKESPEARE.

THE characters of these three great masters of English poetry, are sketched by Fuller, in his Worthies of England. It is a literary morsel that must not be passed by. The criticisms of those who lived in or near the times when authors flourished merit our observation. They sometimes elicit a ray of intelligence, which later opinions do not always give.

He observes on Spenser, 'The many *Chaucerisms* used (for I will not say affected by him) are thought by the ignorant to be *blemishes*, known by the learned to be *beauties* to his book: which notwithstanding had been more SALEABLE, if more conformed to our modern language.'

On Johnson—'His parts were not so ready to *run of themselves*, as able to answer the spur; so that it may be truly said of him, that he had an *elaborate wit*, wrought out by his own industry. He would *sit silent* in learned company, and suck in *(besides wine)* their several humours into his observation. What was *ore* in *others*, he was able to *refine* himself.

'He was paramount in the dramatick part of poetry, and taught the stage an exact conformity to the laws of comedians. His comedies were above the *Volge* (which are only tickled with downright obscenity) and took not so well at the *first stroke*, as at the *rebound*, when beheld the second time; yea, they will endure reading, so long as either ingenuity or learning are fashionable in our nation. If his later be not so spriteful and vigorous as his first pieces, all that are old will, and all who desire to be old should, excuse him therein.'

On Shakespeare—'He was an eminent instance of the truth of that rule, *poeta non fit, sed nascitur*; one is not made, but born a poet. Indeed his *learning* was but very little; so that as *Cornish diamonds* are not polished by any lapidary, but are pointed and smoothed even as they are taken out of the earth, so *Nature* itself was all the *art* which was used upon him.

'Many were the *wit-combats* betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a *Spanish great gallcon*, and an *English man of*

war. Master *Johnson* (like the former) was built far higher in learning ; *solid*, but *slow* in his performances. *Shakespeare*, with the English man of war, lesser in *bulk*, but lighter in *sailing*, could *turn with all tides*, and take advantage of *all winds*, by the quickness of his wit and invention.

TITLES OF SOVEREIGNS.

The intoxication of power has occasioned sovereigns to assume the most solemn, and sometimes the most fantastick titles.

The chiefs of the Natches are regarded by their people as the children of the sun, and they bear the name of their father.

The titles (observes De Meunier) which some chiefs assume, are not always honourable in themselves ; it is sufficient if the people respect them. The king of Quiterva calls himself the *Great Lion ;* and for this reason, lions are there so much respected, that it is not permitted to kill them but at certain royal huntings.

The principal officers of the empire of Mexico were distinguished by the odd titles of *Princes of unerring javelins ; Hackers of men*, and *Drinkers of blood*.

The King of Monomotapa is surrounded by Musicians and Poets, who adulate him by such refined flatteries as *Lord of the sun and moon ; Great magician ;* and *Great thief !*

The wild imaginations of the Asiaticks have bestowed as ridiculous titles of honour

on their *princes*. The King of Arracan assumes the following ones; Emperor of Arracan, Possessor of the white elephant, and the two ear-rings, and in virtue of this possession, legitimate heir of Peru and Brama; Lord of the twelve provinces of Bengal; and the twelve Kings who place their heads under his feet.

His Majesty of Ava is called *God:* when he writes to a foreign sovereign, he calls himself the King of Kings, whom all others should obey, as he is the cause of the preservation of all animals; the regulator of the seasons, the absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother to the sun, and king of the four and twenty umbrellos!—These umbrellos are always carried before him as a mark of his dignity.

The titles of the King of Achem are singular though voluminous. I shall glean the most striking ones. He is sovereign of the universe, whose body is luminous as the sun; whom God created to be as accomplished as is the moon at her plenitude; whose eye glitters like the northern star; a king as spiritual as a ball is round; who when he rises shades all his people; from under whose feet a sweet odour is wafted; &c. &c.

After a long enumeration of the countries possessed by the King of Persia, they give him some poetical distinctions; *The branch of honour; the mirror of virtue;* and *the rose of delight.* *Curiosities of Literature.*

HIEROGLYPHICKS OF THE EGYPTIANS.

HERODOTUS says, that the Egyptians used two sorts of letters, or ways of writing; one called sacred and the other vulgar letters. Diodorus makes the same distinction; the vulgar ones were learnt by all the people, and the sacred were only known to the priests, among the Egyptians, who learnt them of their fathers, among those things which were to be kept secret; but the Ethiopians, from whom the Egyptians learnt them, used all these letters or ways of writing indifferently; so that it was rather the unlawfulness than any impossibility of attaining a knowledge of these letters, that kept them from reading their sacred writings, as they could perhaps have learnt them of the Ethiopians, if we suppose they were exactly the same; but it is probable the Egyptians altered them so that they were not intelligible to the Ethiopians.

Diodorus says of the Ethiopian letters, called by the Egyptians Hieroglyphicks, that at first their forms of writing represented all sorts of beasts, the parts of the human body, and instruments, especially those of the handicrafts; for their writings did not consist of syllables put together, but of figures that related to the things they were to express; for they wrote or drew the figure of a hawk, a crocodile, a serpent, the eye, hand, or face of a man, and the like.

A hawk signified expedition, or all things that were to be done expeditiously; because it was the swiftest of birds. The crocodile signified malice; the eye expressed both an observer of justice, and a keeper of any person; the right hand, with the fingers extended, signified any one's getting his livelihood; the left hand shut, the preserving and keeping of any thing. Thus every thing was read and understood by figures.

Voltaire gives a curious instance of these emblems, which is taken from Herodotus. That historian informs us, that 'when Darius invaded Scythia, the Scythians sent him a *bird*, a *mouse*, a *frog* and five *arrows*. By this present they insinuated, that if he did not fly away as swift as a *bird*, or conceal himself like a *mouse* and a *frog*, he would perish by their *arrows*.'

This story may not be true; it is, however, a testimony of the emblems employed in those distant ages.

BOOKS OF LOVE AND DEVOTION.

THE agreeable Menage has this acute observation on the writings of Love and Religion.—"Books of Devotion and those of Love are alike bought. The only difference I find is, that there are more who read books of Love, than buy them; and there are more who buy books of Devotion, than read them."

DOUGLAS.

It may be recorded, as a species of Puritanick savageness and Gothick barbarism, that, no later than in the year 1757, a man of genius was persecuted because he had written a Tragedy, which tended by no means to hurt the morals; but on the contrary, by awakening the sweetest pity, and the nobler passions, would rather elevate the soul, and purify the mind.

When Mr. Home, the author of the tragedy of Douglas, had it performed at Edinburgh; and, because some of the divines, his acquaintance, attended the representation, the clergy, with the monastick spirit of the darkest ages, published the present paper, which I shall abridge for the contemplation of the reader, who may wonder to see such a composition written in the eighteenth century.

'On Wednesday, February the 2d, 1757, the Presbytery of Glasgow came to the following resolution. They having seen a printed paper intituled—"An Admonition and Exhortation of the reverend Presbytery of Edinburgh;" which among other *evils* prevailing, observing the following *melancholy*, but *notorious*, facts: that one, who is a Minister of the Church of Scotland, did *himself* write and compose *a Stage-play*, intituled—"The Tragedy of Douglas," and got it to be acted at the theatre of Edinburgh; and that he, with several other Ministers of the

Church, were present; and *some* of them, *oftener than once*, at the acting of the said Play, before a numerous audience. The Presbytery, being *deeply affected* with this new and strange appearance, do publish these sentiments, &c.'—Sentiments with which I will not disgust the reader. *Cur. of Lit.*

INEQUALITIES OF GENIUS.

We observe frequently singular inequalities in the labours of Genius; and particularly in those which admit great enthusiasm, as in Poetry, in Painting, and in Musick. But, surely, this is not difficult to be accounted for! Faultless *mediocrity* Industry can preserve in one continued degree; but *excellence* is only to be attained, by human faculties, by starts.

Our Poets who possess the greatest genius, with, perhaps, the least industry, have at the same time the most splendid and the worst passages of poetry. Shakespeare and Dryden are at once the greatest and the least of our Poets.

The imitative powers of Pope, who possessed more industry than genius—though his genius was *nearly* equal to that of the greatest Poets—has contrived to render every thing faultless: yet it may be said of Pope, that his greatest fault consists in having none.

Carrache sarcastically said of Tintoret—*Ho veduto il Tintoretto hora eguale a Titiano, hora*

minore del Tintoretto—' I have seen Tintoret now equal to Titian, and now less than Tintoret.

Trublet very justly observes—The more there are *beauties*, and *great beauties*, in a work, I am less surprized to find *faults*, and *great faults*. When you say of a work—that it has many faults; that decides nothing: and I do not know by this, whether it is execrable, or excellent. You tell me of another—that it is without any faults; if your account be just, it is certain the work cannot be excellent. *Ibid.*

DRAMATICK BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCH
OF THE LIFE OF MR. FENNEL,
THE CELEBRATED TRAGEDIAN.

Descended from a family of the first respectability, in London, Mr. Fennel received a liberal education, and was originally intended for the pursuit of the law: but a strong predilection for the *stage*, induced him early to resign his Blackstone for the more attractive pages of Shakespeare: and his theatrical passion being indulged without the consent of his friends, whose prejudices were equally invincible on the one side, as his on the other, he selected Edinburgh as being distant from his residence, for his first theatrical

essay, where he performed in 1787, the parts of Jaffier, Othello, &c. with great applause, and under the assumed name of *Camoray*.

Mr. Fennel's great and unexpected success at Edinburgh induced him to contemplate a successful reception at London, to which place he soon after returned. On his return here, he called on Mr. Harris (without introduction of any kind)—but having opened his business, and recited a few passages of dramatick compositions before this gentleman, Mr. Harris was so highly gratified by these specimens of his ability, that a night was immediately fixed for his *debut* at Covent-Garden, where he ran through his principal characters with much success; but still retaining his fictitious name.

The increasing fame of Mr. Fennel induced the manager of the Edinburgh Theatre to wish his return to their stage, where he had proceeded, and played there some time with approbation, till one evening being announced to perform the character of Jaffier, and the gentleman who had formerly represented it (Mr. Wood) was fixed for Pierre; but enraged at the exchange, though the characters have ever been deemed equally good, Mr. Wood complained of the injustice of the manager (probably from motives of envy to Mr. Fennel) to his friends. Loaded with invectives by the Plebeian criticks of the town, he was called upon to make an humiliating apology, which he would not submit to; a law case ensued on both sides,

which lasted a long time, but was of more *expense* to all parties, than *profit* to any—if we may except the *lawyers*.

Immediately after this singularly infamous affair, Mr. Fennel quitted the stage in that city with indignation, and played a short time at York, but in 1789, he returned to London, where he resumed his situation for one season, (but without the expected success) at Covent Garden. He afterwards engaged in a periodical publication, called the "Theatrical Guardian," and produced a comedy entitled "Lindel and Clara, or a Trip to Gibraltar;" which has been frequently peformed, and was printed, 1791.

Not long after this, Mr. Fennel was engaged by the late Mr. Wignell at his New Theatre Philadelphia, and met with great success. He has since performed at the various theatres on the continent; but, for some reasons unknown to us, (a circumstance to be lamented by all lovers of the drama) Mr. Fennel, about two years ago, took leave of the stage, and has since appeared only occasionally. He is now engaged in an extensive establishment of Salt Works, the plan of manufacturing which he has brought to great perfection.

Mr. Fennel's deportment is graceful—his person majestick—his face admirably calculated for the stage—his action easy and judicious—his utterance distinct and natural. He excels in the more weighty characters of the drama; his master piece is "Othello, Moor

of Venice." His manners are polished, and his understanding refined.

Mr. Fennel's residence is near New-London. He is now on a visit to New-York and Philadelphia; at which places he has been prevailed upon to run through his principal characters upon the stage.

DRAMATICK ANECDOTES.

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Douville, the author of a five act comedy, entitled *L' Absent de chez soi*, and brother to the Abbe de *Bois-Robert*, hearing his piece applauded, asked his brother what he thought of it. *Bois-Robert* frankly answered, he thought it bad; as it really was; and the piqued author replied 'The pit shall be my judge.'—"Right," replied the Abbe; "but you may change your opinion in time;" and so it happened. Douville produced another comedy, which was hissed, and Bois-Robert then asked him if the pit should be his judge? 'Pshaw!' replied the vexed brother, 'the pit has not common sense.' "Ay, ay, you have found it out," exclaimed the Abbe: "I discovered it when your first piece was performed."

When the Misanthrope of Moliére was first performed, the immortal Moliére and the great Racine were unfortunately at variance. A parasite, thinking to please the

latter, told him, after the first representation, that the piece had failed. "I was there, and can assure you that nothing was more cold." Racine replied, "You were there, and I was not; yet I do not believe you. It is not possible for Moliére to have written a bad piece. See it again, and consider it better."

DURING the run of the comick opera of Cymon, when Mr. Vernon was in pursuit of his supposed mistress Silvia, and came on singing

Torn from me, torn from me, which way did they take her?

A wag in the pit replied in time and tune

They're gone to Long Acre! They're gone to Long Acre.

The house was in a roar of laughter; and Vernon with great presence of mind, as soon as there was silence, sang

Oh, ho, are they so; I shall soon overtake her.

WHEN the art of poetry by Dacier first appeared, an author, named De Brie, read nothing else: his contempt for Corneille became excessive, Racine was but little more in favour, and he despised the French exceedingly, for having admired both these poets. "We have not a single good tragedy," exclaimed he; and determined out of pure compassion to write one. The subject he chose was the Heraclides, in which all was measured by line and rule, in full deference to the remarks of Dacier. This regular and scientifick piece was only played once.

The same author wrote a comedy, of one act, entitled Le Lourdaut, which was little more successful. These two pieces gave occasion to the following epigram, by Jean Baptist Rosseau:

Pour disculper ses Oeuvres insipides,
De Brie accuse et le froid et le chaud:
Le froid, dit il, fit chéoir mes Héraclides;
Et le chaleur fit tomber mon Lourdaut:
Mais le Public, qui n'est point en défaut,
Et dont le sens s'accorde avec le nôtre,
Dit à cela—Taisez vous, grand Nigaud;
C'est le froid seul qui fit chéoir l'une et l'autre.

Weeping his children, poor De Brie has told
How both have perish'd, or by heat or cold:
Frozen my poor Heraclides lies dead!
Lourdaut expir'd by fever in the head!
The publick, hating ignorance and sloth,
Cries, silence fool! the cold has kill'd them both.

THE WOODEN LEG.

AN HELVETICK TALE.

From the German of Solomon Gessner.

On the mountain, from which the torrent of Rauti falls headlong into the valley, a young shepherd fed his goats. His pipe called Echo gaily from the hollow rocks, and Echo bade the vallies seven times resound his melodious song. On a sudden, he perceived a man climbing, with pain, the mountain's side. The man was old; years had blanched his head. A staff bent beneath

his heavy, tottering steps; for he had a wooden leg. He approached the young man, and seated himself by him, on the moss of the rock. The young shepherd looked on him with surprize, and his eyes were fixed on the wooden leg. My son, said the old man, smiling, do you not think, that, infirm as I am, I should have done better to have remained in the valley? Know, however, that I make this journey but once a year; and this leg, as you see it, my friend, is more honourable to me, than are, to many, the straightest and most active. I doubt not, father, replied the shepherd, but it is very honourable to you; though, I dare say, another would be more useful. Without doubt, you are tired. Will you drink some milk from my goats, or some of the fresh water that spouts below, from the hollow of that rock?

Old Man. I like the frankness which glows on thy features. A little fresh water will be sufficient. If you will bring it me hither, you shall hear the history of this wooden leg. The young shepherd ran to the fountain, and soon returned.

When the old man had quenched his thirst, he said—Let young people, when they behold their fathers maimed, and covered over with scars, adore the Almighty Power, and bless their valour; for, without that, you would have bowed your neck beneath the yoke, instead of thus basking in the sun's warmth, and making the Echoes repeat

your joyful notes. Mirth and gaiety inhabit these hills and vallies, while your songs resound from one mountain to another.—Liberty! sweet Liberty! it is thou that pourest felicity upon a blessed land! All we see around us, is our own. We cultivate our own fields with pleasure. The crops we reap are ours, and the time of harvest is, with us, a season of joy.

YOUNG SHEPHERD. He does not deserve to be a free man, who can forget that his liberty was purchased with the blood of his forefathers.

OLD MAN. But who, in their place, would not have done as they did? Ever since that bloody day of Nefels,* I come once each year to the top of this mountain; but I perceive that I have now come for the last time. From this spot I still behold the order of the battle, in which liberty made us conquerors. See, it was on that side, the army of the enemy advanced. Thousands of lances glittered at a distance, with more than two hundred horsemen, covered with sumptuous armour. The plumes that shaded their helmets nodded as they marched; and the earth resounded with their horses' hooves. Our little troop was already broken. We were but three or four hundred men. The cries of the defeat were re-echoed from every side; and the smoke of Nefels, in flames, filled the valley, and spread with horrour along the mountains. However, at the bot-

* The battle of Nefels, in the canton of Glaris, 1388.

tom of the hill, where we now are, our chief had placed himself. He was there, where those two pines shoot up from the edge of that pointed rock. I think I see him now, surrounded by a small number of warriours, firm, immoveable, and calling round him the dispersed troops. I hear the rustling of the banner, which he waved in the air: it was like the sound of the wind that precedes a hurricane. From every side, they ran towards him. Dost thou see those floods rush down from the mountains? Stones, rocks, and trees, overthrown, in vain oppose their course; they overleap, or bear down all before them, and meet together at the bottom, in that pool. So we ran, at the call of our general, cutting our way through the enemy. Ranked around the hero, we made a vow, and God was our witness, to conquer or die. The enemy, advancing in order of battle, poured down impetuously upon us; we attacked them in our turn. Eleven times we returned to the charge; but, still forced to retire to the shelter of these hills, we there closed our ranks, and became unshaken as the rock by which we were protected. At last, reinforced by thirty Swiss warriors, we fell suddenly on the enemy, like the fall of a mountain, or, as some mighty rock descends, rolls through the forest, and, with a tremendous crashing, breaks down the trees which interrupt its course. On every side, the enemy, both horse and foot, confounded in dreadful tumult, overthrew each other, to

escape our rage. Grown furious by the combat, we trod under foot the dead and dying, to extend vengeance and death still farther. I was in the middle of the battle. A horseman of the enemy, in his flight, rode over me, and crushed my leg. The soldier who fought nearest me, seeing my condition, took me on his shoulders, and ran with me out of the field of battle. A holy father was prostrate on a rock not far distant, imploring Heaven to aid us.—Take care, good father, of this warriour, my deliverer cried; he has fought like a son of liberty! He said, and flew back to the combat. The victory was ours, my son, it was ours! But many of us were left extended on the heaps of the enemy. Thus the weary mower reposes on the sheaves himself has made. I was carefully attended, I was cured, but never could find out the man to whom I owe my life. I have sought him in vain; I have made vows and pilgrimages, that some saint of Paradise, or some angel, would reveal him to me. But, alas! all my efforts have been fruitless. I shall never, in this life, shew him my gratitude. The young shepherd, having heard the old warriour, with tears in his eyes, said—No, father, in this life you can never show him your gratitude. The old man, surprized, cried, Heavens! what dost thou say? Dost thou then know, my son, who my deliverer was?

YOUNG SHEPHERD. I am much deceived, if he was not my father. Oft he has told me

the story of that battle; and often have I heard him say, I wonder if the man I carried from the field of battle be still alive!

OLD MAN. O God! O angels of Heaven! Was that generous man thy father?

YOUNG SHEPHERD. He had a scar here—(pointing to his left cheek)—he had been wounded with a lance; perhaps it was before he carried you from the field.

OLD MAN. His cheek was covered with blood, when he bore me off. O my child! My son!

YOUNG SHEPHERD. He died two years ago; and, as he was poor, I am forced, for subsistence, to keep these goats. The old man embraced him, and said—Heaven be praised, I can recompense thee for his generosity. Come, my son, come with me, and let some other keep thy goats.

They descended the hill together, and walked towards the old man's dwelling. He was rich in land and flocks, and a lovely daughter was his only heir. My child, he said to her, he that saved my life was the father of this young shepherd. If thou canst love him, I shall be happy to see you united. The young man was of an amiable person; health and pleasure shone in his countenance; golden locks shaded his forehead, and the sparkling fire of his eyes was softened by a sweet modesty. The young maiden with an ingenuous reserve, asked three days to resolve; but the third appeared to her a very long one. She gave her hand to the young

shepherd; and the old man, with tears of joy, said to them—My blessing rest upon you, my children! This day has made me the happiest of mortals.

THE GOSSAMOUR.

MACKLIN and Dr. Johnson disputing on a literary subject, Johnson quoted Greek. "I do not understand Greek," said Macklin. "A man who argues should understand every language," replied Johnson. "Very well," said Macklin, and gave him a quotation from *Irish*.

KING CHARLES II.—was reputed a great connoisseur in naval architecture. Being once at *Chatham*, to view a ship just finished on the stocks, he asked the famous *Killigrew, if he did not think he should make an excellent shipwright?* Who pleasantly replied, *he always thought his majesty would have done better at any trade than his own.* No favourable compliment, but as true a one, perhaps, as ever was paid.

DR. SHARP, of Hart Hall, Oxford, had a ridiculous manner of prefacing every thing he said with the words *I say*. An undergraduate having, as the doctor was informed, mimicked him in this peculiarity, he sent for him, to give him a jobation, which thus began; I say, they say, you say, I say, I

say; when finding the ridiculous combination in which his speech was involved, he concluded by bidding him begone to his room.

EPIGRAM.

ÆNEAS thro' the flames was seen to run,
In anxious haste, to save Anchises' life;
The admiring gods beheld the duteous son,
And, to reward him, took away his wife.

SELECT SENTENCES.

HOPE is a flatterer—but the most upright of all parasites: for she frequents the poor man's hut as well as the palace of his superiour.

I CANNOT see why people are ashamed to acknowledge a passion for popularity—the love of popularity is the love of being beloved.

POETRY and consumptions are the most flattering of diseases.

THERE is nothing more universally commended than a *fine day*. The reason is, people can commend it without *envy*.

GLOWING characters are not always the most agreeable. The mild radiance of the emerald is by no means less pleasing than the flush of the ruby.

THE skull of the pedant, vacant in other respects, generally furnishes out a throne and temple for vanity.

We ought not to destroy an *insect*, we ought not to quarrel with a *dog*, without reason sufficient to vindicate us through all the courts of morality.

An ill-tempered person is mostly given to slander, and knowing the intemperance of his own thoughts, seeks for hidden meanings never meant—

> He sees more devils than all hell can hold :

his offences are seldom forgiven, as they are generally more the offspring of the heart than the head.

The wisest of those who live is he who believes himself the nearest to death, and who regulates all his actions by that thought.

To endeavour all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philosophy, is to spend so much in armour, that one has nothing left to defend.

"I had once the curiosity," says Montesquieu, "to keep an account of the number of times I heard a story repeated. During three weeks that it occupied the polite world, I heard it told two hundred and twenty-five times, which I thought quite sufficient."

Virtues, like essences, lose their fragrance when exposed. They are sensitive plants, that will not bear too familiar approaches.

The reserved man should bring a certificate of his honesty into company before he is admitted to take his chair.

Superficial writers, like the mole, often fancy themselves *deep* when they are exceedingly near the surface.

THE MINSTREL.

LIFE.

BY DR. HAWESWORTH.

LIFE ! the dear precarious boon !
Soon we lose, alas ! how soon !
Fleeting vision, falsely gay !
Grasp'd in vain, it fades away,
Mixing with surrounding shades,
Lovely vision ! how it fades !
Let the Muse in Fancy's glass
Catch the phantoms as they pass.
See, they rise ! a nymph behold
Careless, wanton, young and bold !
Mark her devious, hasty pace,
Antick dress, and thoughtless face,
Smiling cheeks, and roving eyes,
Causeless mirth, and vain surprize
Tripping at her side, a boy
Shares her wonder and her joy ;
This is Folly, Childhood's guide,
This is Childhood at her side.
What is he succeeding now,
Myrtles blooming on his brow,
Bright, and blushing as the morn,
Not on earth a mortal born ?
Shafts, to pierce the strong, I view,
Wings, the flying to pursue :
Victim of his power, behind
Stalks a slave of human kind,
Whose disdain of all the free
Speaks his mind's captivity.
Love's the tyrant, Youth the slave,
Youth in vain is wise or brave ;

Love with conscious pride defies
All the brave, and all the wise.
Who art thou with anxious mein
Stealing o'er the shifting scene?
Eyes, with tedious vigils red,
Sighs, by doubts and wishes bred,
Cautious step, and glancing leer,
Speak thy woes, and speak thy fear;
Arm in arm what wretch is he
Like thyself, who stalks with thee?
Like thy own his fears and woes,
All thy pangs his bosom knows:
Well, too well! my boding breast
Knows the names your looks suggest,
Anxious, busy, restless pair!
Manhood, link'd by Fate to Care.
Wretched state! and yet 'tis dear—
Fancy, close the prospect here!
Close it or recal the past,
Spare my eyes, my heart, the last.
Vain the wish! the last appears,
While I gaze it swims in tears;
Age—my future self—I trace,
Moving slow with feeble pace,
Bending with disease and cares,
All the load of life he bears;
White his locks, his visage wan,
Strength and ease, and hope are gone.
Death, the shadowy form I know!
Death o'ertakes him, dreadful foe!
Swift they vanish—mournful sight,
Night succeeds, impervious night!
What these dreadful glooms conceal
Fancy's glass can ne'er reveal;
When shall time the veil remove?
When shall light the scene improve?
When shall truth my doubts dispel?
Awful period, who can tell?

THE WEALTH OF THE COTTAGE.

A FAVOURITE SONG IN PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

A BLESSING unknown to ambition and pride
That fortune can never abate,
To wealth and to splendour tho' often denied,
Yet on poverty deigns to await ;
That blessing, ye powers, oh ! be it my lot,
The choicest best gift from above ;
Deep fix'd in my heart, shall be never forgot—
The wealth of the Cottage is Love.

Whate'er my condition, why should I repine,
By poverty never distress'd ?
Exulting I felt what a treasure was mine ;
A treasure enshrin'd in my breast.
That blessing, ye pow'rs ! still be it my lot ;
The choicest best gift from above !
Still fix'd in my heart, it shall ne'er be forgot—
The wealth of the Cottage is Love.

FROM THE THESPIAN MIRROR.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE FALLS OF THE PASSAICK.

TRACE we now the torrent tide
Tow'rd yon dark steep's craggy side,
At the dread verge one moment dwells its flight,
Then flashing headlong on the light ;
The dizzy summit plunging past,
It heaves its thunders to the blast.
From rock to rock recoiling, still the stream,
Wakes in its downward course a foamy gleam ;
Till hush'd at length, its billows all subside,
And gently steals the unmolested tide.
O'er spring enamour'd plains pursues its way,
And vales made fertile by its fost'ring sway ;
Reflects the beauties that its waters lave,
And heaven's bright features dancing on its wave.

Such is the wearied spirit's last repose:
The sweet oblivion of a life of woes.
Each anguish flown; forgotten ev'ry care,
And life and rapture dawning on despair.

ON A BUTTERFLY,

Which came from its Chrysalis in a Lady's hand.

Born in Aspasia's fostering hand,
My finish'd form I first displayed,
And felt my plumy wings expand,
While gazing on the beauteous maid.

No sunshine glowed upon the scene,
With kindly warmth those wings to dry;
Yet fair each painted pinion grew,
Beneath the lustre of her eye.

No zephyr rose with gentle gale,
To fan my infant frame with air;
But fann'd with fair Aspasia's breath,
The zephyr's gale I well might spare.

No rose or lily near me grew,
On which my downy limbs might rest;
But these, in brighter tints, I found
Upon the virgin's cheek and breast.

Thus Nature, with indulgent care,
Propitious grac'd my natal hour;
And, with superiour sweetness, gave
The gale, the sunshine, and the flower!

IMITATION FROM THE SPANISH.

How fleet are the arrows in happiness dipt!
What moments of bliss are long ages of years!
But if in woe's current the mortal has sipt,
What an age a diminutive moment appears!

THE DRAMA.

"It is not enough to speak, but to speak true."

SHAKESPEARE.

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BOSTON THEATRE.

JAN. 31. After the tragedy of *Coriolanus*, a musical afterpiece was presented for the first time, entitled *Of Age Tomorrow*. The title is derived from the age of *Frederick*, the hero of the piece, who "just leaving his *minority*, proposes to submit to *government*" in the matrimonial state. The object of his affections is *Sophia*, the niece of *Lady Brumback*, a ridiculous old woman of fortune, whose hand is solicited by *Baron Piffleberg*, an old fox-hunter; and the various stratagems by which Frederick endeavours to gain admission to his mistress furnish the materials of the plot. These consist in the assumption of the characters, first of a hair-dresser, and afterwards of a wounded soldier; in the support of which he is aided by *Maria*, an arch, lively waiting maid. They are attended by many truly ludicrous circumstances and situtions; the result of which is a complete triumph over the sagacity of the old Lady, and the union of *Frederick* and *Sophia*.

Mr. Twaits in *Frederick* displayed a versatility of talents which very few actors possess. Mr. Bernard, in *Baron Piffleberg*, set all gravity at defiance. Mr. Dickenson in *Molkus*

would excite considerable laughter, were it not for the incomparable performance of the other two. Mrs. Shaw personated the romantick old aunt with considerable humour: It was far superiour to most of her performances. Mrs. Darley made the chambermaid an interesting character. The song "*While I hang on your bosom,*" &c. was charmingly sung. *Sophia* by Mrs. Darby—While this lady remains on the stage,

"*She does but poorly play a part which nature*
"*Never design'd her for.*"

FEB. 7. *Venice Preserved.* No tragedy in the English language presents to the spectator more strong delineations of character, or more warm and passionate language throughout, than *Venice Preserved.* It is the last and greatest production of Otway, who, as a tragick writer has few superiours: and were it the only requisite of a good tragedy to inspire sympathy and compassion, this perhaps would yield to none that has ever been written. But the author has in some instances made us feel for those who are not deserving of compassion. His men are all vicious and depraved, from the meanest conspirator to the duke and his reverend council. *Jaffier* excites pity for the wrongs he endures from a cruel father; and *Pierre*, whose worth

Pines unrewarded by a thankless state,

interests the feelings in a considerable degree: But their endeavouring to revenge private injuries by the destruction of a whole

people can never be justified. *Priuli* is destitute of that natural affection which even brutes are known to possess; and the senators are a body of "reverend rogues in robes," guilty of the basest perjury. *Belvidera*, the virtuous, the suffering *Belvidera*, and she alone, claims and receives our full commiseration.

Mr. Cooper in *Pierre* made an impression that will not easily be obliterated. In the scene with *Jaffier* at the close of the fourth act, his peformance was marked with peculiar energy.

Mr. Fox never appeared better than in *Jaffier*. We have frequently been pleased with the attempts of this gentleman in tragedy: but on this occasion he is entitled to more than usual commendation. Nature has not given him a voice favourable for tragick declamation, nor a countenance expressive of the deepest workings of the mind: Notwithstanding these defects, he sustained the part with uncommon correctness and judgment. His pronunciation did not conform exactly to the English standard in the words *jŭst*, *shŭt*, &c.

"*Thou look'st* jĕst *as thou art.*"

And again,

"*By heaven, I'll* shĕt *these lips forever.*"

It is possible, however, these were inadvertencies; for in the passage

"*Is this the blood*
"*That boasts its purity with* Cato's *daughter?*"

Mr. Fox discovered his knowledge of correct orthoepy, by giving the *a* in *Cato* its pure English sound, instead of the affected pronunciation Caato; which has been exploded by almost all English lexicographers and criticks. [*See Walker's Critical Pronouncing Dictionary, word* DRAMA.] In the following passage Mr. Fox came rather "tardy off" in execution;

Where's my friend? my friend, thou smiling mischief!
Nay shrink not; now 'tis too late; for dire revenge
Is up, and raging for my friend. He groans!
Hark! how he groans! his screams are in my ears!
See, see, they've fix'd him on the wheel,
And now they tear him—murder! perjur'd senate!
Murder!—Oh!—hark thee, traitress, thou hast done this:
Thanks to thy tears and false persuading love.

In this rhapsody, which requires all the wildness of frenzy and despair, when he ought to have

Amaz'd indeed
The very faculty of eyes and ears,

he was rather cold and languid. Considering it however, as his first attempt in this arduous character, he was entitled to all the applause he received.

Renault, by Mr. Usher; *Bedamar*, by Mr. Bernard; *Eliot*, by Mr. Twaits, and the other conspirators, according to their wishes, received "honourable death." We will not disturb their ashes by a retrospect of their performances.

Belvidera unites in herself the duteous wife, the fond parent, and the affectionate child; and was ably represented by Mrs. Powell.

FEB. 10. *Alexander the Great.* Mr. Cooper is great in almost every thing he under-

takes; it can therefore be no derogation from his fame to say that he discovered no uncommon greatness in *Alexander*. *Cassander* was sustained by Mr. Usher with his usual correctness. Mr. Twaits, in *Clytus*, we were not much pleased with. His conception of the character may be just; but the execution is calculated to "set on barren spectators to laugh."

Roxana was played in Mrs. Powell's best manner. This lady appears much better in characters of this sort, than in those where more pathos is required. In the last scene with *Cassander* she was eminently successful. *Statira* was supported by Mrs. Darley with those enchanting powers for which she is so deservedly distinguished. *Sysigambis* by Mrs. Shaw was respectable, and no actress could do more. *Parisatis*, by Mrs. Usher, particularly when pleading for *Lysimachus*, was characterized by more energy than most of her performances.

FEB. 12. *Rule a Wife and have a Wife.* Of all the dramatick works of Beaumont and Fletcher, the comedy of *Rule a Wife and have a Wife* is that which has most deeply and deservedly fixed the publick attention. The two actions of the play are conducted with a very happy coincidence. It is replete with comick incidents; all of which fall out very naturally, and justly entitle it to the high applause it has always received on the stage. The cast of character this evening, with one or two exceptions, was "as it should be;" and

we have seldom witnessed the performance of a comedy where there was less to blame or more to commend. Mr. Cooper's *Leon* was a highly finished performance. He discovered in it those variable talents, which some have supposed he did not possess. He admirably personated the awkward gait and coarse manners of a clown; and was no less successful in representing the polished gentleman. *Michael Perez*, by Mr. Bernard, was the irresistible effusion of genuine comedy. Mrs. Powell in *Estifania* was frequently and justly greeted with uniform applause. Mrs. Darley afforded little gratification in *Margaretta*. It is not a character in which her talents appear to advantage. Who that has seen her in the fascinating *Hester*, the laughter-loving *Rosalind*, or the heart-broken *Ophelia*, would not regret the necessity that doomed her to represent the licentious *Margaretta!*

The farce of the *Irishman in London*, with Mr. Twaits in *Murtoch Delany* and Mr. Fox in *Edward*, succeeded in keeping the audience in good humour. Mr. Dickenson in *Cymon*, to use his own simile, was *as comical as a basket of chips*.

Feb. 22. The favourite tragedy of *Douglas* was performed this evening (second time this season) with an alteration in the cast of characters, which stood thus: *Lord Randolph*, Downie; *Young Norval*, Fox; *Old Norval*, Usher; *Glenalvon*, Cooper; *Lady Randolph*, Mrs. Shaw.

Mr. Downie's *Lord Randolph* was not marked by much dignity of deportment or elegance of delivery. He has done it better on these boards.

We anticipated some gratification from Mr. Fox in *Young Norval*, but were unfortunately disappointed. He was very imperfect in the part, even in the first scene, which is in the mouth of every school-boy. The "blank verse halted" in many speeches by the omission of particles; and was often overloaded with conjunctions and other inconsiderable words not found in the original. Several instances of false emphasis, and action not suited "to the word," convinced us that Mr. Fox had not always a perfect conception of the author's meaning.

"*In the smooth green turf*
"*He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts,*"

should not have been spoken with the eyes turned upward, and the hands raised to a level with the shoulders. Nor should the question

"*Why slur my power*
"*With such contemptuous terms?*"

be uttered with his back toward *Glenalvon*, as if conscious of the propriety of his reproaches. This *meekness*, however, Mr. F. may say, was assumed to comply with his mother's injunction—

"*Frame thy manners still*
"*To Norval's, not to noble Douglas' state.*"

In the following passages, among others, his pronunciation was exceptionable—

"*The* phăl-anx *firm.*"

"*The setting sun*
"*With yellow* răd-iance *lightened all the vale.*"

"Jĕst *as my arm had master'd Randolph's sword,*" &c.

In some speeches, however, Mr. F. was not altogether displeasing. He has errours which diligent attention might correct, and talents, which cultivation may render respectable.

Perhaps some objection might be made to the costume of *Young Norval.* The common *small sword* we believe was not in use among the ancient Highlanders.

Old Norval by Mr. Usher was correct. It was a chaste performance, but wanted pathos.

Mr. Cooper in *Glenalvon*—"a sun among stars"—counterbalanced the insipidity of the other parts. His soliloquies were finely delivered, particularly that which closes the second act. The tone of his voice and expression of his countenance, when he pronounced

"*Burning hell!*
"*This were thy centre if I thought she lov'd him,*"

were sufficient to rivet the "wonder-wounded hearers" to their seats.

We come now to the most disagreeable part of our task—to censure where we cannot commend. Criticism would gladly pass over in silence the *Lady Randolph* of Mrs. Shaw, had it been supportable. Burlesque

upon tragedy deserves reprehension. We looked in vain for the heart-broken mourner,

"*Whose tale would move each gentle heart to pity,*
"*Whose life incline the virtuous to believe.*"

She seemed to have forgotten that in the "tempest" of her passion a "temperance" was necessary "to give it smoothness."—"Inexplicable dumb show and noise" were adopted for the plaintive tones of sorrow. Of pronunciation

"*O Dougle-as, Dougle-as,*"

is a specimen; and

"*To break*
"*Into the chamber where* they think'st *thou sleep'st,*"

an example of syntax. But we will not dwell too long upon imperfections, which, to every auditor, appeared "in form as palpable" as the above. Whether they were the effect of carelessness or ignorance, they ought to be "reformed altogether."

THEATRE, *New-York.*—The new comedy of *Who wants a Guinea?* and Sheridan's *Duenna* have been played here with success.

FEB. 7. A new comedy was brought forward this evening, called *The Wanderer;* written by a gentleman of this city. "It would really require more than can be obtained from its representation, or, we fear, even from its perusal, to give any tolerable

sketch of the fable. We endeavoured, by strict attention, to learn the story, but all our exertions, in this respect, were fruitless. Each act seemed to contain its own inconsistencies; and five similar parts *jumbled* together constitute what the author intended for a "PLAY."

"The scene is laid *any where* and *no where*: for by no *hook* or *crook* could we possibly discover whether it was in America or Europe; nor were we able to ascertain whether the event occurred in the present or the last century. No originality of genius or character was visible in any part of the composition; a great variety of *stage-effect* has been thrown into the piece, in hopes to excite interest from this source. Fire—trap-doors—duels—prison scenes—bribery—seduction—robbery—ladders—hand-saws—swords, &c. &c. are jumbled and interspersed in almost every scene. The piece seems composed of ill-connected, unnatural, detached scenes, that have scarcely any apparent connection with each other; and the whole design appears like a chaos of the elements—

"*Commix'd in wild confusion.*"

"In fact, this play, (if it may be called by that name) had not sufficient merit to entitle it even to a first night's representation; for it is not only incorrect as a comedy, but sterile in language; base, indecorous sentiments and immodest expressions are profusely interspersed throughout the piece.

The language of *double entendre* may sometimes be licensed on the stage; but the author of this piece has substituted in its stead open vulgarity and billingsgate expressions.

The audience patiently heard it through, with all its faults and vulgarities; but when Mr. Tyler announced it for Wednesday evening, a general disapprobation was expressed.

Curatii."

The play was given out for a second representation, but withdrawn by the author.

THEATRE, *Philadelphia.* Mr. Fennel took leave of the stage here Feb. 19, in the *Earl of Essex.* The benefits commenced on the 24th.

THEATRE, *Richmond.*—The Virginia company are playing at this place. Reynold's new comedy called the *Blind Bargain*, and Dibdin's *Thirty Thousand, or Who's the richest*, have been represented. The company consist of Messrs. Green, Bignal, Wilmot, Martin, Poe, Comer, Clare; Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Clare, Mrs. Wilmot, Mrs. Bignal, &c.

THEATRE, *New-Orleans.*—We have seen a Play-bill from this city, advertising for representation the first of January, *The Robbers.* The next evening was to be represented an Opera called *Azemia, or the Indians*, with a comedy in one act, called *Æsop at the Fair.* No performers' names were mentioned.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE New-York criticks still continue to apply the caustick to Mr. Barrett with with a liberal hand. It seems he has not left off his old habit of hanging on the wing, and supplicating an *encore* with a piteous look.

Mr. Young has played *Octavian* at New-York a second time, *at the request of several ladies!* The Thespian Mirror says he filled this part at Boston, and "through the whole of the second act was supposed to be the American Roscius." This may be puffing Mr. Young, but is no great compliment to the Boston audience. Who could mistake Pan for Apollo!

Mr. Jones continues to receive the applause of the Charleston audience in Hamlet, Macbeth, &c. Mrs. Whitlock played *Zamora* in the Honey Moon—"a pretty smooth-faced boy." A company of children, *(infant Rosciuses, no doubt)* are playing pantomime at the Charleston Theatre.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

A Portrait of the late Hon. *G. R. Minot, Esq.* in our next.

Our Chelmsford correspondent is requested to choose some other title, and continue his proposed series;—any other would be more acceptable than that he has adopted.

The gentleman who favoured us with the *Memoir of Commodore Preble*, is requested to accept our thanks. The additional paragraph came too late for insertion.

Eva's "Lines to Piety" are pious, but not poetical.

The editor is happy to find that W. A. and subscribers in general, as far as he can learn their opinions, are pleased with the plan and execution of the Polyanthos. He is particularly indebted to a gentleman at Newburyport for his exertions to establish the work.

☞ *Biographical and Historical Anecdotes, Criticisms and Theatrical Information from all parts of the United States are solicited.*

8. 216

S. Harris sc.

G. R. Minot, Esq.r